

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Evening World Publishing Company, Nos. 52 to 54 Park Row, New York.
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 52 Park Row.
J. Angus Shaw, Treasurer, 52 Park Row.
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 52 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: For the Evening World, For England and the Continent and for the United States, All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year, \$2.50; One Month, \$0.25.
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VOLUME 56, NO. 19,903

THE POWER OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

EVERYTHING comes to pass in politics. Yet who would have thought a rock of Republican conservatism like Elihu Root could fly from its firm base to become a battering ram? Why has Mr. Root limbered his muscles and gritted his teeth to get and hack at the Administration like a Warrior of the Spear? Why does he assail the nation's ears with talk of fists and guns and aggression? Why does he too blaze with wrath because the first thought of the country is not of armies and wars?

Why? Because the Republican Party is desperately in need of an issue. Because on the good old fractious questions—Tariff, Currency, Trusts—Republicans and Democrats no longer divide with spirit. Because at this moment, when national honor and defense are in all men's minds, the best way to attack the party in power seems to be to light a colossal bonfire of Republican patriotism.

Suppose a Democratic Administration had pushed the nation to the verge of war: Should we not then behold a calm and steadfast Mr. Root appealing to the sober sense of American citizens, pointing to the Republican Party as the great sane and safe pacificator as against a red-eyed, war-mad Democracy?

"There is nothing," said Disraeli, "in which the power of circumstance is more evident than in politics."

Nor is there anything which puts statesmen up to stranger antics.

ENGLAND RESTRICTS IMPORTS.

NOW that Great Britain has proclaimed that after March 1 certain commodities, including tobacco, furniture woods, wallpaper and wood pulp, may be imported only under license, American interests will be further subject to the rulings of the British Board of Trade.

From the beginning of the war this powerful protector of British commerce has been wide awake and busy in a hundred directions. Its efforts to regulate the relations between American exporters and their markets in various parts of the world were exposed months ago by The World. While British armies were fighting in the field the British Board of Trade has used every means to make even neutral nations recognize the ascendancy of British commerce.

The new restriction of imports is expected to give the Government fuller control of free tonnage and better regulation of the trade in what are considered luxuries in war time. The discovery that the cost of living has advanced 47 per cent. since the beginning of the war no doubt urges England to more thorough conservation of her forces.

Her Board of Trade is a strong asset. Even those who must object to its methods cannot but admire its vigilance.

TOO MUCH COINCIDENCE.

BROOKLYN'S \$5,000,000 pier fire, which destroyed or damaged three big ocean steamers and thirty-seven barges and lighters, may have been due to natural causes. The fact remains nevertheless that the steamships were chartered to carry munitions of war to the allies. The captain of one of them is positive that at the outbreak of the fire he saw the pier ablaze in five or six different places, also that earlier in the night he could find no watchmen about.

There is no absolute proof that the fire in the Chicago City Hall yesterday was of incendiary origin. It started, however, close by a chemical laboratory where poisons were being analyzed in an effort to find evidence of the alleged anarchist plot to poison 300 guests at a University Club banquet last week.

The letter Mayor Mitchell received yesterday warning him that New York's City Hall might be destroyed by fire one day this week may have been written by a joker or a lunatic.

Unfortunately this is not a time when suspicion can be pooled. Too many attempts to destroy munitions or ships that carry them have been authentic. Nor when the world is full of violence and unrest would it be surprising if anarchy were excited to new and sinister stirrings.

No alarmist measures are needed. But watchfulness and careful inquiry into the origin of mysterious fires are clearly called for.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

In talking to other women a wife often proves herself to be simply dead.

Ask some people their advice and they think they have greatness thrust upon them.—*Worcester News.*

Miladi says a good forgetting is as much to be desired as a good memory. There are unkind things in the mind.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

"WHEN I was a younger man," remarked the general manager of one of a chain of several large department stores, "I was inclined to be rather contemptuous of my subordinates' ability."

"Nowadays my attitude is altogether different. I exert every effort to foster and develop the latent powers of my employees. By encouraging initiative and enterprise I have succeeded in creating an efficient staff of officers who have risen from our own ranks."

"Twenty years ago when I was assistant superintendent I hired a young fellow named Heiler as a salesman of domestic. He worked here for three or four years and proved to be able and reliable. Heiler was always suggesting new and better methods of doing things, a tendency which our general manager was inclined to discourage."

"One day the head of the young clerks' department announced that he had accepted an offer from a large Eastern store. Heiler promptly applied for the vacancy. We all joined in laughing at his presumption, and Heiler informed us that he was leaving for a distant city."

Stealing T. R.'s Clothes

By J. H. Cassel



In Sunless Corners

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

THE other day a teacher, who wished to reward his little students at the end of a term of close study on their part, brought a palful of pansy plants into the schoolroom. He announced that each student as he was leaving might take one of the posies home; that if they would put the little plants in a bit of earth somewhere in the sunshine, the plants would grow and bear more pansies.

Whereupon each took his pansy and joyfully departed. A little girl with golden curls, holding her plant close to her, waited until the others had gone. She approached the teacher, and with tears in her eyes said:

"Please, teacher, may I not leave my pansy on my desk in school where the sunshine comes? For no sunshine comes into my house."

And it was true. Upon investigation it was found that the little girl came from a struggling family who were huddled together in three little rooms in a rear tenement, where Old Sol never smiled—a place where little children were expected to grow and where no plant could. It was also learned that these people, who had to be saving of their bread, were starving for beauty as well. The sorrow of being unable to love the little plant in her own home was terrible to the child, and she had to be content to bask in its beauty during the school period.

There are hundreds like her living in our great, seething, rich city today—the city of laughter and love, and where there is SO MUCH sun.

You, gentle reader, will say, "What is to be done about it?" You will blame the landlord of the tenement, or the legislator, or the family itself. You will cry out in demand that such places be torn down and livable rooms made at low cost.

You will suggest "community kitchens" and "social settlements" and play-rooms made by law, and better wages, and "back to the land," and all the rest—all of which are good and must be campaigned for and fought for to bring real results and better conditions.

Yet, in the interim, there is something to be done about it—something for you and me. However much like Sunday school platitudes it may sound, each of us can carry some sunshine somewhere that it does not now come. It is the civic interest that is lacking—the duty that you call upon yourself to perform.

"Do something about it?" Yes, indeed. Do anything except be indifferent. How? There are hundreds of

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

AS Mrs. Jarr sat at her sewing, a slight scuffle and shuffling of feet and chairs could be heard and a resounding slap would reverberate from the cuisine.

Mr. Jarr was familiar with the sounds of courtship among the masses.

"Gertrude has got a beau to-night, eh?" Mr. Jarr inquired. "Has the mysterious missing milkman returned to plight his troth again? Ah, milkmen are as weak as water!"

"It isn't the milkman," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "It's Gertrude's old beau, Claude, the fireman."

"A gallant lad, but fickle, I fear me," said Mr. Jarr. "So our Gertrude hath lured him back?"

"And Elmer, a very nice young man, I must say, even if he is employed where he shouldn't be—in a saloon—is down in the basement with the janitor," added Mrs. Jarr.

"So she has Elmer, the bartender, the poor boob, on the string again, too?" inquired Mr. Jarr.

"You mustn't speak that way!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "Elmer kept away because he was jealous of Claude, the fireman, and Claude, the fireman, kept away because he was jealous of Elmer."

"And now they are both worshipping again at the shrine of Gertrude because they are jealous of the mysterious missing milkman, who proposed to Gertrude up the dumb-waiter shaft and then disappeared without telling his name or lineage?" ventured Mr. Jarr.

"I do not know what motives actuate them," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I only know that both of them are paying Gertrude attention again and she has forgotten the wretch who won her confidence and blighted her life."

"Geo whizz!" cried Mr. Jarr. "How could a man whose face she had not seen and whose voice she had never heard before until upon the occasion he bawled up from the cellar, 'Milk! Say kid, will you marry me?' blight her life?"

"It was the romance of it, I have no doubt," replied Mrs. Jarr. "A woman knows her own heart best, and perhaps a voice that proposes marriage means more to a woman's life, though she never hear it again, than the constant presence of a trifler."

Again a scuffle, a giggling protest and a slap were heard from the kitchen.

"Gertrude's life doesn't seem to be blighted much at present," ventured Mr. Jarr. "But what I can't understand is how Claude, the fireman, and Elmer, the bartender, both deserted Gertrude because they were jealous

Leap Year Love Letters

From the New Eve to the Old Adam

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

OF my cousins beginning, "Ninety-eight green bottles were hanging on the wall." Each verse, you know, recounts the loss of one green bottle and tells how many bottles were left. For about six verses the bottle chant made a great hit.

At the tenth green bottle the little girl grew restless, at the fifteenth she was bored, at the twentieth she was angry, at the twenty-fifth she was screaming with rage. But such was my faith in the power of monotony that I kept right on till she was nearly in hysterics.

When I realized it of course I stopped and began Cinderella over again, and at the twentieth edition of Cinderella the child went to sleep, holding my hand. Of course I was afraid to remove it for fear she would wake up and I would have to tell Cinderella again. At 1:30 her father and mother came back. Alice, radiant and restored, confided that she had persuaded Allen to take her to supper after the play knowing that baby was in such good hands.

She thanked me sweetly. She did not even notice that I was a shatterer, almost demented being. How could she? I suppose she had been through the same thing often. But she has the temperament for it. Ever since that night of madness I have known what women mean who say that art and motherhood are incompatible.

The only thing that makes me doubt their view is that there are so many sweet, staid, calm and patient women who are willing to be foster mothers to the children of artists, and that the human race needs great women as mothers more than it needs anything else.

But one day with a baby—with the best, the sweetest and most intelligent baby—takes more from a woman's brain and nerve than the most exacting art.

You know, Adam, the instinct of self-preservation in every artist tells her that marriage is not for her. But the race instinct, still so powerful, so wonderful in woman, takes possession of her. Her mind knows that it won't. Her body urges her on. That's our trouble, stupid, calm and patient women who are willing to be foster mothers to the children of artists, and that the human race needs great women as mothers more than it needs anything else.

So after I had taken several flatterings encores on Cinderella I perceived that the baby was getting fonder and fonder of me. I asked for her mother's name and more frequently. Once in a while I would stop hopefully. She would let just time enough elapse to tell me that the belief that she had gone to sleep, and then she would say:

"Go on; more Cinderella," quite as if she were urging a balky horse to "get up."

"This won't do," I thought. "She needs constant repetition of the same sound to make her sleep." I said over and over, "Cinderella," quite as if she were urging a balky horse to "get up."

"Do something about it?" Yes, indeed. Do anything except be indifferent. How? There are hundreds of

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

THE quickest and surest way for a man to get his mind off a woman is to marry her.

After twenty-nine, an unmarried girl stops hoping and struggling to find her "ideal," becomes absolutely neutral, and puts her faith in preparedness.

Fireproof buildings, waterproof coats, and holeproof hosiery are among the marvels of the age; but, alas, why has nobody yet had the brilliancy to invent a foolproof marriage contract?

Any girl, with a little intuition and a little experience, can distinguish between a sentimental "connoisseur" and a mere scalp "collector" by the way in which a man kisses her the very first time.

"Short measure!" What a man tells the doctor about his habits, what a woman tells the jury about her age, what a husband tells his wife about his avocations, and what the average man tells a woman about anything.

Next to two appendicitis patients arguing as to whose operation was the more dangerous, perhaps the most amusing thing is to hear two grass-widows disputing as to whose husband was the more fascinatingly wicked.

Even when a girl doesn't believe all the things a man tells her about himself, she can't help admiring him for having the brilliant imagination to invent them.

It is folly to say that a youth of twenty cannot love a rich widow of forty. He can—just as he loves the lamp-post on which he leans—until he can get the strength and equilibrium to walk away from it.

The days may be getting longer—but somehow that never seems to make a man any less anxious to improve them, by stringing them out through three-quarters of the night.

This Season's Blouse

THE continued popularity of the tailored suit, together with the increasing favor shown the separate-skirt, has created a strong demand for the separate blouse, and so it happens that the shops are displaying a large and varied assortment of blouses.

A new note in blouses is that they should match the suit in color, and so we see many models in navy, African brown, dark green, battleship gray, purple and black. These are usually made up of soft fabrics and it is safe to say that chiffon cloth and Georgette crepe are the favorites, although taffeta, satin, charmeuse and faille all come in for their share of popularity.

There seems to be a strong tendency to get away from the dark tones that have been thrust upon us during the past year, and so the woman who is disinclined to wear the dark matching waist has a good choice for selection among the bright hued chiffons, sheer silk crepes, silks and satins. The shades are red, yellow, blue, purple and green. These bright waists are particularly pretty with the rich velvet or handsome cloth suits.

For practical wear the semi-tailored models in white or flesh colored crepe de chine are the favorites.

Velvet waists are seen, but as these are too warm for indoor wear they are combined with silk, chiffon or Georgette crepe. Invariably the sleeves, collar and vest are of the lighter fabrics.

Most of the waists are made up in simple styles. High collars and long sleeves are the new features. Even though fashion has decreed the high collar, individualism is so supreme that women who prefer the low collar demand it, consequently many of the new models are finished with the low collar, and while the neck shall be dressed high or low still remains a matter of option with the American woman of fashion.

The waist of sheer material has a lining of chiffon or net which is either in white or flesh color, while for practical wear this is of a matching shade.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

By Famous Authors

THE FALL TO CONVALESCENCE, By Charles Lamb.

IF there be a regal solitude it is a sickbed. What the patient lords it there: how caprices he acts with-out control! How king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling and tossing and shifting and lowering and thumping and blating and moulding it to the ever-varying requisition of his throbbing temples.

He changes sides oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half length, then obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed, and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the limits of the four circles he is absolute.

He has put on the strong armor of sickness, he is wrapped in the calico of suffering, he keeps his sympathy like some curious vintage under trusty lock and key for his own use only. He is his own sympathizer and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are, only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing when the doctor makes his daily call, and even in the lines on that busy face he reads no multiplication of patients, but superbly conceives of himself as the sick man.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. To compare the silent threat and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served

Thrift

By Samuel Smiles

(By Foundation of Harper & Brothers)

WHEN economy is looked upon as a thing that must be practiced it will never be felt as a burden, and those who have not before observed it will be astonished to find what a few penny or shillings laid aside weekly will do toward securing moral elevation, mental culture and personal independence.

There is a dignity in every attempt to economize. Its very practice is improving. It indicates self-denial and imparts strength to the character. It produces a well-regulated mind. It fosters temperance. It is based on forethought. It makes prudence the dominating characteristic. It gives virtue the mastery over self-indulgence. Above all, it secures comfort, drives away care and dispels many vexations and anxieties which might otherwise prey upon us. Some will say, "It can't be done." But everybody can do something. "It can't" is the ruin of men and of nations. In fact, there is no greater cant than can't.

"Engagement ring?" repeated Mr. Jarr. "How could Gertrude get an engagement ring from the mysterious missing milkman, when she only heard his voice once, and never actually saw or met him?"

"Mrs. Jarr looks around cautiously and nank her voice to a whisper. 'I lent her the engagement ring,' she said."

"You? Why?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You mind your own business and read your newspaper," was the reply. "A girl has to have a beau or she won't stay in a place! Gertrude objected to doing the ironing last week, but she told me to-day she felt stronger now, and I needn't get Mrs. Jones in for an extra half day on account of the ironing."

"Domestic science!" murmured Mr. Jarr, admiringly.